White Cloud



Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

THE CLOCK IN THE BAR.

BY GEORGE JOHNSON.

"Tick-tick"-the livelong day, Went the old brans clock in the & "Tick-tick"-ticking away, fr stood 'mid the bottles there. "Many's the scene," quoth the old time-pio

sof delauch I have witnessed here, As I've pointed the hours on my dial face-Ticking from year to year! "Where is that, once, jovial crowd, That met bere every day, Drinking, carousing, and singing aloud?"

Saith the echo: "Where are they?" "I warned them against the poiso But they beeded not what I said-They murked not my time, as the cop they quaffed-They slamber now with the dead! Tok-tick-here have I stood,

Ticking from year to year; And tales of wne could tell if I would, Which had their origin here. Husband and brother, father and son, I've areleasly warned of their down; I've seen full many a favored one, Go down to the drunkerd's tomb!

"All the day long, all the night long, From my place 'mid the bottles been, I've heard the garrulous talk and song Of the drunkards, from year to year. Their sands were obbing away, At I told of hours, of days that passed And passed forever and aye!

"Tick-tick-full many a time, As I've ticked from year to year, I've thought how strange it was in hin My owner, to place me Aere. Yes, strange that I, who tell the time, And mark each fleeting breath, Should startle the ear of man with my chimo, Whilst quaffing the diquid death?

"Yet, here I stand, ticking away, With the revellers gathered around; House I warn them every day, But they lived not, hear not the sound, When the Angel shall cry; 'Time shall cease! Too late, they'll think of the old time-piece And wish they'd beeded my warning

Select Tale.

BUTCHER OF NOTRE DAME:

-OR,-THE JESUIT FIEND OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

A TALE OF THE TIME OF CHARLES IX., OF FRANCE.

BY SYNUS, THE PILGRIM.

(CONTINUED.) CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIEND OF ROME IS LOOSE. "KILL! KILL!" The result of Philip d' Artoy's imprisonment, and subsequent experience in the Holy Inquisition, was a fit of severe sickness, but by the kind care of the butcher, and the skill of a physician whom Simon provided, the malady was confined to simple fever, and ere long the young noble was able to be about. He had learned the fate of Adele, but much of the sorrow which he would have otherwise experienced, was removed by the as-

see that the fair girl was not harmed. "I have the power," said he, "and I will pledge my word that while I live she shall not be injured by Malgrida. But let her remain now, for it will be better not to raise opposition, until you are able pany us." to take her under your own charge."

And so Philip tried to make himself contented, and he succeeded as well as could have been expected, though no man could have been farther from being happy than was he. He still remained in the house where he had first been brought from the Inquisition, and nearly every day had the butcher been to see him.

One day the Count had felt stronger than usual, and all the afternoon, had be been longing for the fresh air and a ramble in the open street. But he had not dared to venture out. The day wore away, and the night set in calm and peaceful. The sun went down-the soft shades of twilight followed, and as the dakness of night began to gather over the great city, Philip felt an unusual sensation, and it moved him to dark and hopeless thoughts. He was alone in the use, and he went to the window and looked out upon the dusky buildings. Then his eyes wandered off to the heaveas, where the stars were glittering, and where, at certain points, light, fleecy clouds were sailing over the city. While Philip gazed, he thought the starry canopy grew dark and gloomy. The stars med to grow dim, as though they were turning their twinkling gaze away from earth. Perhaps this was only in the Count's mind—he may have only drawn the thought from his own gloom-laden soul; but it appeared to him as though

he had seen it. He stood thus at his window, gazing out upon the darkening heavens, when a quick, heavy footfall sounded upon the stairs, and in a moment more, the door was oponed, and the Butcher of Notre Dame entered. He came in haste, as the anxious look upon his countenance showed, and in his hand he carried a snug

"Now, Count," he said, speaking in short, quick tones, "you are able to walk

"Yes," returned Philip, not a little tones of the great bell of Notre Dame. stone parapet—and he was lost in the distant wind- A National Party in New York—Their

cannot open from this side. Here is a the half-sleeping city. disguise for you. On with it, and be "Do you hear that?" uttered Aymar, you will betray us."

has happened?" the Count asked, in ner- "What means it?"

"Ah, the blow we have so long expecfiend was to be set loose to-night."

ted Philip, trembling.

du has many Protestant houses on it, and guish, of wailing and of weeping, of cry- butchering Catholics, and in this manner, safely. Do not fear to trust him, for he with crime the Roman Harlot is ! cannot stop now."

"But, Adele St. Aulnay-" "She is in the Louvre."

"In the hands of the Queen ?"

"To the Louvre!" uttered Philip, starting with astonishment. "Yes-but I cannot stop, now. Be

quick, and your conductor will be here He will answer you more. Fare well. Keep up a stout heart, and you shall be safe."

As the butcher thus spoke, he turned, and quickly strode from the apartment. Philip would have asked many questions of him, but the opportunity was gone.

It was some time before the Count could sufficiently collect his thoughts to that no look or movement betrays you. turn his attention to the orders the butcher had left. The words which had been spoken, still rang strangely in his ears, moving such of his clothing as was nec- street, the Count started by essary, he put on the monkish dress. He had fastened the coarse robe about his opened, and the old Benedictine, Aymar, tims, was horrible in the extreme. entered, and behind him came another man habited in the gerb of a Capuchin. The Count finished his sandals, and then gazed upon the old man. That white beard seemed to flow more solemnly over lies passed the spot where they stood. the breast, and upon the brow sat a shade of gloom. But those strange, dark eyes looked the same as ever, nor could the Count express the sensation of strange, vague suspicion that came creeping over him as he found those eyes beaming upon him. It was a shapeless suspicionwithout form or substance-but yet it found a home in the young noble's soul, nor could he drive it out.

"Count d' Artoy," spoke the old man, while he leaned heavily upon his staff, "I have come to conduct you to a place of and be prepared to see such scenes as even safety. I suppose Simon Vendel has indevils never dreamed of." formed you that some one would come surance of Simon Vendel that he would for you."

"Yes." returned Philip, gazing hard into the face of the aged Benedictine. "Then, we need no further prelimina-

At this remark, the individual who had followed Aymar into the room, came firmness. forward. The dark cowl was drawn up

lighted. "Count Phillip," he said, in tone won't fear to trust me.

"What !" cried d' Artoy, starting forward, and extending his hand; "Good Michael Girard !"

"Yes, my master-your own faithful Michael." "But where have you been? Where-

"I'll tell you all about it, when we have more time. Wait, now." "Come," said Aymar, "we must be weight of gloom settling down upon his the move. I found Michael searching for

spirits. It was a strange, unaccountable you, and I brought him hither," he continned, turning to the Count, "and now wonder that I assist you in escaping the slaughter which I know is coming, nor shall you fear me because I appear in the garb of the great Harlot. What I do, I cloth, came rushing past, yelling after the the Benedictine stopped. do in love for Adele St. Aulnay. Let that suffice for the present."

As the old man ceased speaking, Philip gazed into his face for some moments, in silence; but at length he said: "Father, answer me one question

Have we not met before ?" "Yes-at the House of one Pierre La-

"Aye-I know that, of course; but had we not met before that " continued Philip, with much earnestness. "We had," answered Aymar.

"So I felt assured. And now answer me once more : Where did we meet ?" The old man hesitated a moment, and then he replied :

know all-" moment, the air was awoke by the deep infants, and dash their heads upon the and then moved away, and ere many mo-soldiers getting ready to march.

"Well. Now, I think you'll have use upon the night, like a voice from some "Oh, God?" he gasped, as he clasped Philip d' Artoy sat down upon the

prepared, and I will send one to you who will lead you to a place of safety."

"But what is it, good Simon? What "Aye—I hear it," answered Philip.

"Hark! There are other sounds." Aye-hark ! ye children of the doom- shape ! Oh, God !" ted, is about to be struck. I dreamed ed race. Hark! ye men and women who not it was coming so soon. Only half believe in the pure religion of the Risen betray us !" an hour ago did I mistrust that the blood- Lord. Hark ! ye waking thousands who Lord. Hark! ye waking thousands who "Then let us move on," gasped Philip, Rome." hear those mystic tones, for ye hear the trembling at every joint. "Oh, God! 1 "I know it; but the religion which Christian blood, and they are on the God! Oh! hark! all ye that look upon shout rang out upon the night air, our track. I do believe that the arm is rais- the Church of Blood, and hear the voice party moved on. ed, even now. If the blow does come, that speaks through ages of martyrdom | Ever and anon Michael swung his lan- was right over our heads. That was a

they will all be searched. But fear not, ing mercy, and of shricking agony-the he contrived to draw attention away from Dress yourself as soon as possible, and voice of millions who speak from eterni- his young master. I will send a man who shall conduct you ty, to tell a blinded world how black

and the victim. "Fear not for her. You shall see her that frantic prayer that goes up from the the murderers, all covered with blood, anon, for to the Louvre you shall go at mother and the father! Hear those groans and yelling forth the slaughter-cry of and agonizing cries!

Hark! Hear that other voice. demon, for the death-hounds are loose!

"Great God!" attered Philip d' Artoy, starting back and turning pale, "do you

hear those shouts and cries ?" "Aye," returned Aymar, shuddering ; 'I hear them plainly enough. But come, we must go now. Be firm, and fear not. Follow me, and in all you do, be sure

Remember, it is now either life or death!" As Aymar thus spoke, he led the way down the stairs, and Michael waited for and an hundred vague surmises floated his master to follow next. Philip drew before his imagination. At length, how- the cowl over his head, and having utterever, he opened the bundle, and in it he ed a silent prayer for himself and all who found the dark habit of a Capuchin friar. might be in danger, he started after the He did not hestate long, but quickly re- Benedictine. When they reached the he saw a gray-haired corpse upon the ck in affright, and even Aymar hesitated. Lights were flashing in all directions, and the yells of loins, and was just lashing the rough san- the demoniac Catholics, as they rushed dals to his feet, when his door was again to the slaughter of their defenceless vic-

> "Kill! Kill!" was the cry. "Death to every Huguenot in the Kingdom !" "Kill! Kill!" shoutel Michael, with all his might, as a party of armed Catho-

On to the Pont Notre Dame," shouted Aymar, raising his staff. "The Huguenots are congregated thickly there." "You will find them everywhere," said Kill ! kill !"

a fellow who passed at that moment. Aymar made no reply, but seizing Philip by the arm, he harried on towards

"Beware!" he whispered, "Remem ber that our lives depend upon your firmness. Be not afraid. Steel your heart,

the river by the Rue Galande.

The Count knew how much depended upon him, and he resolved that he would not betray himself. At first, it appeared that all who met him, must know him ; but, after having met a number whom he ries. Here is a friend who will accom- knew well, without being himself recognized, he began to feel more safe under his disguise, and he walked on with more

At length, the party reached the bridge over his head so as to effectually conceal of Notre Dame, and here they were forced his features, and in his hand he carried a to stop and lean against the parapet for lantern, the lamp of which was already some minutes, to bear up against the torrent of human beings that came sweeping down upon them. The air was filled which were not to be mistaken. "You with the yells of the demon Romanists moment to assure himself that he was not and the shrieks and groans of the dying I think he will serve us both. Do not such as they were to be killed; but he had it was necessary to stoop a little in order not much time for reflection, for at that to move along. moment a Romish priest, followed by In a few minutes they reached a point some half dozen fiendish men of his own where there were three branches, and here

prayed for mercy, but they prayed in only a few hours. If you see any people knives were plunged to their hearts !- number into them, and they may some of stopped to kneel-clasped their infants here until the Butcher of Notre Dame or more closely to their persons, and rushed myself returns here for you." on; but their steps on earth were num- "Yes," answered Philip, "I will stay bered-a few more paces, and the demons anywhere, so that I escape the viewing of Vict. Emanuel I., Savoyard. Vict. Emanuel. were upon them, and then Philip saw more of those terrible scenes I have this Ferdinand I., Lazzarone. them sink down beneath the knife-strokes night witnessed. You will find us here George IV., first gentleman George V., activ "You must excuse me, but I will not of the Catholic butchers. And yet he when you return." answer your question now. If we both continued to gaze, all heart-sick as he Aymar reached his hand beneath his outlive the blow that is coming, you shall was—and he saw the ending of the scene ample robe, and drew forth a small pockmore horrible still. He saw the hellish, et lantern, and having lighted it, he once about "mobilized" armies in Europe.

for your legs, for you've got to take the alarming spirit of the upper world, and his hands in agony.

the voice was echoed far and wide over "-sh!" whispered Aymar, seizing

"And can these be man?" Count Philip murmured, gazing wildly into the old discordant tones, man's face. "Can these be children of God, or has some hellish fiend come upon groaned, as he shook with the memory of earth and made devils to wear the human what he had seen.

"To night! The blood fiend!" itera-knell! Hark! ye followers of the Pope cannot bear this! My heart will break!" gave birth to this is the religion of Satan, of Philip, trembling. "Kill! kill!" Death to every Protes-"Aye-the Romish hounds smell the cries to you from the Judgment Seat of tant !" was the cry; and while that fearful Rome, is a murderer and a villain !"

As our three friends crossed the bridge and entered upon the Quai de la Megissewill most assuredly prove faithful. 1 Hark! The knell is still sounding, rie, the scene became horrible beyond all and the brazen voice calls up the murderer description. The way was filled with poor, fleeing wretches, who had leaped from Hark! Hear that wild shriek that their beds and taken to the streets in their breaks above the voice of the bell! Hear night clothes, and close upon them rushed "Kill! Kill!" The way was already beginning to be strewn with the bodies of the slain, and from the high windows, "KILL! KILL!" It is the voice of the women and children were hurled all dead and mangled upon the recking pavement,

> -that same cry of the Pope's followers: "Kill! Kill!" "Aymar," gasped the Count d' Artoy, I cannot stand this. Great God of mer cy, it is too dreadful! Lead me some-

where away from the scene !" "Alas, my son, it is all over the city alike. Hark! do you not hear that same ery from all about you ?"

"Yes-but there must be some place of refuge-some of the secret passages must

"-sh !" uttered the old Benedictine. "We are almost at our journey's end. Carefully, now. Here-this way.

"He approached, and turned the body

up, and the rays of Michael's lantern fell upon the face. Philip knew the features vell. It was the brave old Admiral of France, Gaspard de Coligny. "Oh !" ejaculated the Count, while the big tears trickled down his pale cheeks,

"and this is the end of the best man France ever knew. If they could not let thee live, then who shall be left to tell the story of this bloody night !" Come, Come," urged Aymar, seizing

Philip again by the arm. "In here, and in a few moments we shall be safe from all harm."

Philip d' Artoy looked once more upon the blood-stained face of Coligny, and then, with a deep groan, he followed on after the Benedictine, Michael Girard all the while swinging his lantern, and velling

forth the Catholic cry of "Kill! Kill! It was a narrow passage into which Aymar had turned, leading up towards the Place d' Louvre, and at a short distance up, they came to a building, the door of which was open, and about which were some half dozen bloody corpses. In the chambers could be heard the sound of voices in greans and imprecations, but the hall was clear, and the Benedictine hurried through.

"Simon Vendel pointed out this place to me," he said, as he led the way to the rear apartments, "and if I have not forgotten his instructions, we shall soon be

When they reached the back part of the building, the old man listened a single watched, and then he opened a door which Protestants. Philip would have closed revealed a flight of steps leading down to his eyes upon the terrible, revolting scene, the cellar. Michael went ahead with his but he had to keep them open for his own lantern, and the others quickly followed. safety. While he stood there by the par- At one corner of the cellar there was a apet of the bridge, a dozen women, each brick arch half full of rubbish, and in with a child in her arms, came fleeing the back part of this, the old man found past him, crying for mercy. They were in their night clothes, and their long hair streamed wildly in the wind. Our hero all had passed through, he shut it again saw them pass-he could see even the as before. They were now in just such a looks of terror that dwelt upon their coun- passage as Philip had been in before, save tenances, and he was just wondering if that the arch was lower -so much so that

fleeing mothers. The priest carried in "Now, Philip d' Artoy," he said, "I his left hand a flaming torch, and in his must leave you and Michael here together. right was a sword recking with gore. Michael has food and water enough to Philip could not take his eyes from the last you eight-and-forty hours at least, scene. He saw the women turn, and two and you will not suffer. But I do not of them sank upon their knees. They think I shall be gone so long-perhaps vain, for while the words of prayer yet in the passage, you need not be alarmed, trembled upon their lips, the assassins for Simon Vendel has admitted quite a Then the others-those who had not them wander this way. You will remain

cold flagging stones, and bowed his head Whig, writing from New York, says: upon his hands. From the earth above him quickly by the arm. "Beware! or him still came the dreadful notes of the some most devoted men, who are eager tion of a Virginia Abolitionist to the ofmassacre, and the shrieks and groans of for conquest under the new partythe dying martyrs were heard in wild, "The National, Union, Conservative, Op-

"Oh! Michael, this is dreadful!" he

"It is," returned the varlet. "And "Beware, Count, or you will surely yet," he added, "it is all done in the

> "Hark !" said Michael. "Good Heavens! Did you hear that shriek? It

you will not be safe here, for the Rue Per- and torture-the voice of woe and an- tern aloft, and repeated the cry of the woman's voice. - And hear that-and that. Mercy! what work is this !" "Stop, Michael; say no more; for my heart is overburdened now. God have

mercy for his children to night !" And still that cry was heard, even by those who were under the earth. It was the song of the Church of Rome, and it was sung by her minions, while they did their fiendish, bloody work: "KILL! KILL!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Miscellaneous.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE! and the music of the scene still continued

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Woodman, spare that tree! Touch not a single bough In youth it sheltered me, And I'll protect it now

It was my father's hand, That placed it near his cot; There, woodning, let it stand; Thy are shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree, Whose glory and renown Are sprend o'er land and sea-And wouldet thou hew it down? Woodman, forkers thy strake! Cut not its earth-bound ties! O, spare that aged onk,

Now towering to the skies! I usught its grateful shade; In all their gashing joy, Here, too, my sisters played; My mother kissed me here, My father pressed my hand: Porgive this foolish tear-But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings 'round thee cling, Here shall the wild winds sing, And still thy branches bend. Old tree! the storm still brave! And, woodman, leave the spot! While l've a hand to save, Thy are shall harm it not?

EXTREME FOOLHARDINESS. - Blondin, the foolbardy Frenchman, is still at Niagara. On Tuesday last he crossed his pointed to a banner at one end of the Francis Joseph. tight rope, walking backwards. He room. It read, "National, Union, Constopped when about one third of the way servative, Opposition Party." The first nel II., is 39 years of age, was drilled in out, and sat down to rest for a few mo- letter of each word is on your card of ad- the army, and has been King 10 years. ments, when he again started. After ar- mission—and, sir, you will find it a pass- He leads his army in person. riving midway across, he stopped again, word into every political meeting in the The eldest of the three is Napoleon. sat down, and signaled the little steamer. Maid of the Mist, which came directly where Democrats or Abolition Black Re- President and Emperor of France: It under where he sat. Captain Travis, the publicans meet. There was no secrecy, save was supposed at one time that the name great pistol shot, was aboard the steamer, what was prudent and judicious for men alone had given him his prestige, but all according to an agreement, and Blondin acting as leaders in a great national move- the events of the last few years have deheld out his hat and allowed him to per- ment. Robert C. Winthrop's letter was veloped talents and abilities that no one forate it wit a bullet from the deck of the read, and informally commented upon. before suspected. His integrity cannot vessel. He then lowered the hat, with an So was a leading article in your paper, be estimated very highly-his military mpty bottle, by a cord to the boat, and and a discussion was had on the proprie- talents may possibly much surpass what again proceeded onward. When within about three hundred feet of the Canada No one talked about detail subjects of the for the last five years been the moving shore, he laid down upon the rope per- canvass. They all drove at one pointfeetly straight, with his balance pole union, North and South—good chiefsacross his breast. After a moment's rest, and to elect them and squabble afterhe rose and started again, arriving safely wards, if any squabbling was to be done on the Canada shore, having been twenty- at all. seven minutes going across.

In about twenty minutes he appeared his waist, carrying his balance pole in his the step : hands. The wheel of the barrow had a "I have, also, to acknowledge a change flange on each side to prevent its coming of sentiment, which is an additional rea-Louis Democrat.

A PARALLEL .- The Paris correspond-

ent of the London Globe writes : At the last struggle between Austria and France, half a century ago, the names of the dramatis persona, who performed on the European boards, tally so wonderfully with the corps dramatique displayed to the public view when the curtain rose again on the revival of the same play, in 1859, that the bill of the entertainment needs no alteration :

Alexander II. Alexander I., Czar-Franz Jos. II. Ferdinand II.

DRAM. PERS., 1810.

DRAM. PERS., 1859.

in Europe.
Vivat Victoria Regina. We are hearing just now a great deal

A correspondent of the Richmond I attended, last evening, a meeting of

position Party."

The meeting was informal, and the were Old-Line Whigs, who grew grey in yet," he added, "it is all done in the name of religion and the Holy Pope of Rome."

"I know it; but the religion which edit and control Black Republican papers, the State, and was the ardent advocate, disgusted with their old association, and ready as "Conservative Republicans" to very in Western Virginia.—Boston Libcome out and war to the knife for the new party, and whoever may be its chief.— It fills us with joy to report the elecare willing and anxious to join a purer important office of Governor of Virginia. party — a conservative order party — a party — a party that will unite, and carry the Union candidate into power in November, 1860, as no candidate was ever voted for before. States. With no agency of ours, the There was a door-keeper at the door of black wave is receding to the South. the large hall, in which the meeting was Mr. Letcher was an advocate of emanciheld. All invited, had cards-a plain, pation in Western Virginia some 10 or white card, with but one word on it writ- 12 years ago, and though driven by apten. It was

me, its meaning. He replied, "Learn aged by his election to resume them at an appropriate season. His Democratic card" to the door-keeper. He bowed, opened the door, but refused the card. "Pass in, sir, and keep your card." I did so, and was greeted by many familiar

I never saw more determined men in no excitement, but there was in every countenance a look of determined purpose. Rufus Choate, Sam. H mens, George Law, Edward Bates, Wm. L. Goggin, Washington Hunt, John Bell, Edward Everett, Millard Fillmore, John one reservation-that the candidates so gest: selected should be sworn foes to Democ-

INTERESTING DISCLOSURES-A PENI rom his dressing room, tumbling about TENT AT THE CONFESSIONAL .- James W like a monkey, dressed in the character of Lind, late editor of the Henderson (Min-Jocko, the Brazilian ape. He soon started nesota) Democrat, announces, in a late with a wheel-barrow for the American number of that paper, his retirement from side, the barrow being fastened by the the editorial chair, and his renunciation handles to a belt which he wore around of Democracy. Here are his reasons for

off the rope. He stopped three times on son for my retiring from this paper. I his journey to rest, but could not sit down, have tried the Democratic party of Minowing to the barrow being so fastened to nesota, and found it wanting. Its leadhis waist. The time he occupied in go- ers I have found corrupt and unscrupuing back was thirty-one minutes .- St. lous, and its enunciated principles, things made to read, but not to follow. From conversation this Spring with many of the leaders of the party, both here and in other portions of the State, I became convinced that their hopes of success in the coming Fall campaign, were entirely based upon anticipated bogus returns from Renville, Murray, Cottonwood, Pipestone, Pembina, and other out-ofthe way Counties! and I was not, therefore, surprised, on a late visit to St. Paul, to hear this broached to me and unblushingly anticipated, by Democrats high in State offices. The pollution of the ballot-box seems, in their opinion, to be a Herald, who, if we are correctly informlegitimate road to success."

WON'T SUPPORT HIM UNDER ANY CIRvention at Vicksburg, the other day, after ples. nominating a candidate for the Legislature, adopted a resolution unanimously, declaring that they would not support Stephen A. Douglas for the Presidency under any circumstances. They resolved The Benedictine stopped, for at that brutish Roman fiends seize the helpless more spoke a word of counsel to the Count, This un-English word simply means, that he is a traitor to the Democratic

Abolition Victory in the South. The following curious specimens of political literature, we publish as we find

them in a Virginia exchange : The telegraph informs us of the elecfice of Chief Magistrate of the Old Dominion. We were not prepared for such cheering news. His majority may be small, but we have abundant cause to remembers were of different stamps. There joice that slave-ocracy is on the wane in Virginia, and that so large a portion of

There were dissatisfied Democrats, who tion of a Democratic Free Soiler to the parent policy to palter to Eastern Virginia, it is well known that he cherishes I asked the person who handed it to his earlier opinions, and will be encour-Free Soil brethren at the North hail this

victory with unalloyed pleasure .- New

York Evening Post, May 30, 1859. We have hardly believed the telegram which reports the election of John Letcher, the Abolitionist of the Valley of any body of men. There was no noise, Virginia. It confirms the opinion we have often expressed, that Virginia was unsound on the subject of slavery on the I am not at liberty to relate what occur- North of the James River and West of red from 8 to 11 o'clock, when the meet. the Blue Ridge. It confirms, too, our ing adjourned. Enough to say, that all opinion that the States South of that line was harmony, compromise, unselfishness. must form a confederacy of their own to Not a man in that crowd, I am sure, resist the encroaching wave of Black Recared a straw for any particular man for publicanism. We have long seen the the Presidency, for their chief. If they necessity of Disunion, and we now invoke had any such preferences, they had sol- our timid friends who have dreaded a emply made up their minds to sacrifice dissolution of the union of the States, to them upon the altar of patriotic compro-mise, and whether Gen. Scott, W. C. join the Southern League, en masse, and build anew the barrier which no longer Rives, W. C. Preston, John J. Critten. exists on the banks of the Potomac. Let den, Robert C. Winthrop, John M. Botts, us have our cherished Southern Confede-Mexico .- Mobile Southern League.

THE THREE FIGHTING FELLOWS OF EU-P. Kennedy or Hamilton Fish should re- ROPE.-The three principal personages ceive the nomination next May for Pres- now leading the great Eurepean war, are ident and Vice President, to make but thus described, beginning with the youn-

The Emperor of Austria is nearly 29 racy and Black Republican Abolitionism. years of age, and has been Emperor 10 This is the true doctrine. Such har- years. He is said to be a well informed. mony, moderation and patriotism will bold, scheming and unscrupulous King. sweep the candidates into power on the He has ruled Italy with a rod of iron, topmost wave of the popular vote. Be- and has apparently conciliated the good fore the meeting adjourned I asked an will of Hungary. His large army has old grey-headed veteran the meaning of exhausted the resources of his Empire, the word on my card. He smiled, and and his credit is gone. His name is

The King of Sardinia, Victor Eman-

United States, South or North, except aged 51 years, and for nearly 11 years spirit of Europe. If he confines his ambition to the overthrow of Austrian tyranny in Italy, and then permits her own people to govern themselves, he may be regarded as the best friend of Italian nationality.

WHY THEY LEFT THE PARTY.-The Holly Springs Herald, while complimenting the Memphis Enquirer on accession of Hon. Solon Borland to its editorial corps, in connection with the Hon. Jere. Clemens, says: "Both of these gentlemen once belonged to the Democratic party, and were elevated to the high positions they formerly occupied by that party, and both are now lending their influence and talents to destroy the party that thus hon-ored them." To which the editor thus responded:

When we belonged to the Democratic party, it was neither cursed with the heresy of disunion or disfigured by the foul slime of corruption. It was a party of principle-true to its pledges, and unfaltering in its attachment to the cardinal principles of Jefferson and Jackson. The motley thing which has stolen the name of Democracy bears no resemblance to the old and sterling organization-is entitled to none of our allegiance, and never was. We worship in no temple where Toombs, Stephens, Benjamin, and the like, are clothed with the vestments of the Priesthood and officiate at the altar; however well they may suit the editor of the ed, was formerly one of the most violent of Whigs, and is therefore peculiar-CUMSTANCES .- A Democratic City Con- ly fitted to expound Democratic princi-

> The editor of the Southern States, who calls himself a Captain, steals half his paragraphs from us and half from other eople. He ought to a Captain of a rifle company .- Louisville Journal.

Mental ornament hides bodily defects.